

## A LESSON OF LIFE.

A long day's journey there before I reached the summit of the hill. I saw the road wind by hill and dale, Beyond the hills was my distant bourne.

I thought of the greetings I should win— What it meant to me that I was here. A poor old fellow, lame and old, I stooped and helped him over the stile.

Then would have crossed; but a dreary yelp Arrested me, and I turned, to view A limping poodle, whose need of help Was manifest; and I helped him, too.

Of every nation and tribe are they, And each has a fresh, resistless will; Each says in his own peculiar way, "Just help a lame dog over the stile!"

They're greyhound, they're pointer, they're limper along in an endless file; They're smooth or curly, they're black and tan, They all are lame and would cross the stile.

The shadows deepen o'er hill and dale, Dim is my pathway of many a mile— Yet will I renew my journey when The last lame dog is over the stile.

—May Kendall in Longman's Magazine.

## The Horses Knew the Tune.

A relation of mine, who has spent many years in India, remembers well how, when living in Lucknow and enjoying the evening drive with other English residents in the Indian city, the carriage horses would toss their heads and paw the ground impatiently when the first notes of "God Save the Queen" were played by the military band every evening. It was the last tune played, the signal for dispersion.

A skeptic—or, perhaps, more than one—having insisted that the horses only knew the tune because it was always played last, and they were able to calculate time, the experiment was tried of playing "God Save the Queen" in the middle, instead of at the end of the evening. Instantly there was the same excitement in the horses standing round "the course." The same impatient tossing of the head and prancing of the feet, the same general stampede and eagerness to start homeward.

No one could any longer doubt that they knew and recognized the air; in fact, that they could tell one tune from another. —London Spectator.

## A Triumph of Civilization.

There is a large farmer near me, a clever and successful man in his way, who married (as men sometimes do) a foolish wife. His daughters are placed at an expensive school in Brighton, and are carefully debarred by their mother from all acquaintance, not only with farmwork and housework, but with such elementary feminine knowledge as the simplest servant-maid can enjoy. They may not make or mend their own clothes; they may not use the needle.

"I am happy to say," their proud mother said lately to a lady, "I am happy to say, ma'am, that my daughters cannot even sew." But they can play the piano—after a fashion—they have a smattering of French, they could and would (if they were asked) go to garden parties in evening dress. So greatly has civilization triumphed in their case. —Notes and Queries.

## Ice Made by Natural Gas.

An inventor in Buffalo has devised a process for making ice by utilizing the intense cold created by the expansion of natural gas when liberated from the high pressure at which it issues from the wells. In the experimental plant the gas is used at its initial pressure, or from 150 to 200 pounds to drive a small engine. After use in the engine the gas exhausts into a closed box, and the expansion generates sufficient cold to form slabs of ice three inches thick to the amount of three-quarters of a ton in a day. It is claimed that the principle can be applied economically on a large scale. —New York Telegram.

## Over 1,500,000 Died from Want.

European calamities from famine dwindle into insignificance when compared with the colossal dimensions of a famine in the crowded countries of Asia. In 1837 over 800,000 human beings starved to death in Northwest India, and in 1860 another famine carried off 500,000. In 1885 1,000,000 people were supposed to have starved in Bengal and Orissa, and in 1898 the death roll from famine in Rajpootana exceeded 1,500,000. Even at late as 1877 about 600,000 perished in Bombay, Madras and Mysore. —Providence Journal.

## A Youthful Joke.

"Grandpa," said the irreverent college boy at the close of the Thanksgiving dinner, "what's the difference between you and the turkey we've just had?" "I don't know," said the old gentleman innocently.

"It was a turkey stuffed with chestnuts, and you are a chestnut stuffed with turkey." The college boy and his little brother were the only ones to laugh. —Harper's Bazar.

## A Descendant of Count Pulaski.

A strange figure on the streets of Washington is that of Josephine J. Jarocki, a Polish countess and a grandniece of Count Pulaski, of Revolutionary fame. She is described as a "human dried apple," pious to indigence and shabbily dressed, and she is about fifty years old. For twenty-five years she has been fighting for a fortune left by Count Pulaski. —Washington Letter.

## Rachel's Theory.

Miss Rachel was often told she was taking cold. On the first warm days of summer she marched up and down the pavement in front of the house, fanning herself vigorously. When her mother appeared she exclaimed, "I'm taking cold, mamma, I'm taking cold." —Babyhood.

## A Trite Answer.

Little girl of seven being asked why she ate her tart all around the edge first, and consequently got her fingers covered with jam, answered reproachfully "Meg, don't you know—duty first and pleasure afterward." —London Truth.

An apparatus for purifying lubricating oils coming from machinery has been patented in Norway whereby the waste oil can be used many times at a trifling expense.

## She Longed to Be a Man.

There are times in my life when I long to be a man that I may call in and get better with my fists! It is such a thwarting, unsatisfactory thing to be a well behaved and decorous woman when you long to be a son of thunder and take the trail! I was standing for shelter in the doorway of a Chicago depot. It was raining in that easy, delightful way that reminds one of impulsive people when they talk. There was no holding back, no reserve, no attempt to be noncommittal and conservative. It rained a bit to every square inch, and an umbrella was of less use than a fork is in eating gravy.

Well, as I stood in the shelter of the doorway a very queer specimen of remotely rural life stepped into view. He had just got out of some train and was at a loss what to do in the big city. His clothes were blue and new and ill fitting. His face was tanned and his smile was both deprecating and timid. He carried a little bundle, and his trousers legs were rolled up over a pair of laced shoes. No sooner had he appeared upon the scene than a bevy of depot hangers on bore down upon him. Some of them were cabbies, and more of them were loafers.

They surrounded him as big blue bottle flies get around a honey pot. They bent the head and talked low; they winked furtively and laughed at each other behind the poor boy's back. He took a slip of paper from his pocket and showed it to them, and two of them, with a great show of friendliness, walked him away between them. I wanted to follow them up, but, as usual, didn't dare to! —A Woman in Chicago Herald.

## Why He Never Licks Stamps.

One day after coming from the post-office I put a dozen stamps in my desk and closed the lid. Then I went away and returned again an hour or so afterward. Upon opening my desk I saw upon these stamps at least a dozen big, nasty looking roaches, or "water bugs," as they are sometimes called. They seemed to be so intent upon some occupation that they did not run away with the almost lightninglike rapidity with which they usually disappeared whenever the desk was opened.

At first I thought that they were stuck to the stamps, but upon observing a little closer I saw that they moved about, and I was finally convinced that they were eating the gum from the backs of the stamps. By placing a large reading glass so as to magnify the roaches, I observed that they secreted a saliva on the gum and then when it became soft they seemed to suck it off. Little bare spots appeared on the stamps, and these spots gradually grew larger until the stamps had the appearance of stamps from which I had imagined the gum had evaporated.

Since that time you may be sure I never touch my tongue to a postage stamp, and it almost nauseates me to see any one else do it. —Interview in New York Tribune.

## A Business Woman's Lesson.

A business woman often takes letters and packages to the general postoffice to be weighed. As often as she has done this she has been impressed anew with the weak and trivial curiosity of the male mind, for every time she handed in, in charge, stopped to turn it over and read the address.

"It certainly beats anything," she said to herself, "to think of anything being as curious as that."

A few days ago she repeated this experience—up to a certain point. The variation began when the examining magnate said cheerfully: "Be a good idea, wouldn't it, for you to put on here the state these here papers is got to? Yes, certainly, I'll write it for you. Guess I've saved 500 bundles from being lost in the last three weeks, looking to see if they were directed all right. I don't bother about the men; don't care so much about their bundles, and then they've got more head for looking to such things; but I always look at the ladies' bundles. Ten cents." And the crushed business woman walked away with all the and dignity she could muster. —New York Sun.

## A Big Connecticut Boulder.

The approximate maximum dimensions of the "Sheegan" boulder in Montville, Conn., are: Length, 75 feet; width, 68 feet; height, 60 feet; contents, 70,000 cubic feet; weight, 6,000 tons. If allowance be made for an immense fragment which has fallen from its northeast side, the dimensions and cubic contents of "Sheegan" would approximate closely to 90,000 cubic feet. One point that goes far toward substantiating the claim on behalf of the "Sheegan" rock is that it is a true boulder, is the number of undoubted boulders of an immense size and of the same granite which exist in comparative proximity. —David A. Wells in Popular Science Monthly.

## Precious Hair.

When the Crusaders returned from the Holy Land in 1099 they were loaded with relics of holy personages who had previously been unknown in the west. Bohemond, one of their leaders, divided between Anselm and certain churches a dozen hairs which the patriarch of Antioch had given him with the assurance that the Blessed Virgin plucked them from her head as she stood—Mater Dolorosa—by the cross. —All the Year Round.

## Japs Like the Americans.

A traveler in Japan says that the Japanese dislike the Russians and the Chinese, but like the Americans and the English. They are fearful of the aggressions of the Russians in Corea and of the Chinese in the islands that lie south of Japan; but they do not look for any act of aggression by the United States or by England. —Philadelphia Ledger.

W. D. Howells in "The Shadow of a Dream" makes this apt remark: "Our miseries don't embellish our persons very much, whatever they may do for our souls."

## Deafness Can't be Cured.

By local applications as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear, there is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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